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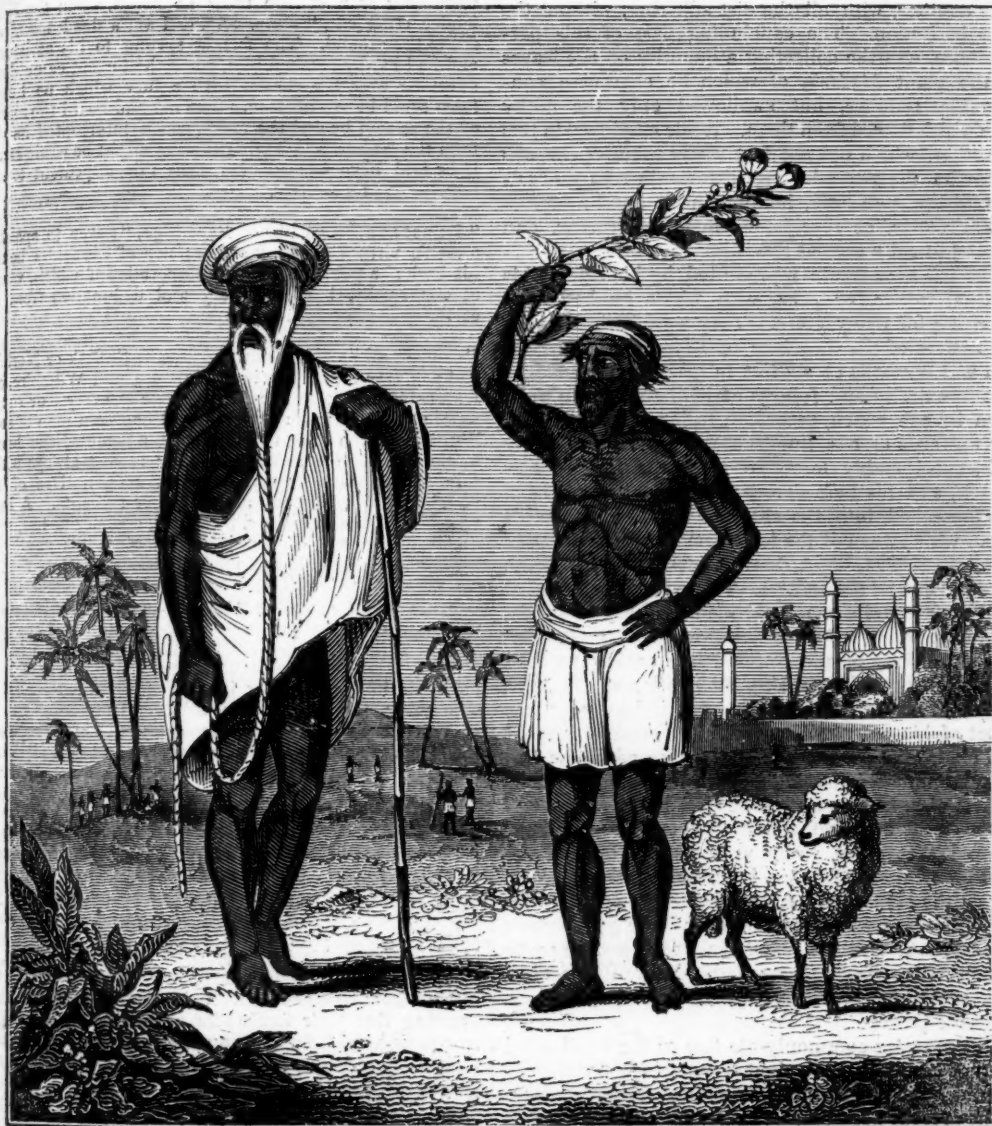
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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE SHEEP-EATER OF HINDOSTAN.



THE SHEEP-EATER AND HIS GURU.

SOME years ago, there existed in the East Indies, a man with an appetite so voracious, and which was displayed in practices so revolting, as to procure for him the appellation of *the cannibal*. He exhibited his extraordinary propensities in various parts of India, and a detailed account of one of his extraordinary exhibitions, communicated to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Major-General Hardwicke, an eye-witness of the scene, is published in the *Transactions* of the Society for the year 1833. The following is the substance of that communication.

VOL. V.

Early in the morning, the Sheep-Eater, attended by his *Guru*, or spiritual father, appeared in front of the assembled crowd. He had with him two living sheep; and after a short harangue to the people, he commenced his attack on the first sheep; by seizing its fleece with his teeth; and having held it thus for about a minute, he then, by a swing of his head, flung it on its back on the ground. In this position he held the animal down till he tore it open, which he effected with his teeth only, by stripping off the skin from the flank to the breast; he then removed

the intestines, and thrust in his head to drink the blood. This employed him a minute or two, when he withdrew his head, besmeared with blood, and gazed around in expectation of applause, presenting a very savage appearance. He next proceeded to strip off the rest of the hide; separate the ribs, disjoint the limbs, and detach the head from the neck; after collecting these together, he rubbed every part with a quantity of dust, by which means, he said, he dried up the blood, and enabled himself to tear the meat from the bones and sinews with greater ease. The quantity of dust which every portion retained, he disregarded, swallowing one mouthful after another, with all the dirt adhering, without the least hesitation. The concluding part of this performance, was the collecting a quantity of the leaves of the plant *Maddar**, of which he chewed a considerable number, but swallowed only the milky juice which flowed from them. While employed in this operation, which did not last many minutes, he was seated on the ground. He afterwards rose and addressed the spectators, holding in his hand a branch of the *Madár*, as represented in the engraving, and offering to eat a second sheep.)

The tall aged figure represented by his side, is his spiritual father, or *guru*, with whom he had been travelling for many years. They were both Hindús, and natives of the province of Rájputána. The old man was upwards of six feet in height, and slender; the muscularity and fulness of his figure being worn down by age, which, according to his own statement, was upwards of one hundred years. He was very dark, considerably more so than the Sheep-Eater himself, and his hair almost white; that of his head he wore coiled into the shape of a turban, while his beard, which was not the least remarkable peculiarity about his person, when flowing loose, reached to the ground; but he generally kept it twisted, and carried the lower end in one hand with a rosary of beads, and in the other, a long walking-cane.

The notoriety of the Sheep-Eater having reached the city of Lucnow, an English gentleman, resident at the court of the Nawáb, was induced by the report of his extraordinary feats, to send a servant for him to that part of the country, in which he had for some time sojourned; and where, from his savage propensities, he was much dreaded by children, and by the timid amongst the natives of the place, who believed that when sheep were not to be had, he would devour a child, if he could steal one. He obeyed the summons, and was liberally provided for the journey, as well as attended by the gentleman's own servant; and on his arrival at Lucnow, a party of more than fifty persons, ladies as well as gentlemen, assembled to witness an exhibition of his disagreeable powers.

This monster commonly ate two of the small-sized sheep of the Doáb, the weight of which, when not stalled, did not exceed eight or nine pounds per quarter; on the present occasion, however, the sheep were provided for him; one of them was of a breed peculiar to the country on the north side of the river Gogra, weighing from twelve to thirteen pounds per quarter.

He carefully collected together the ill-picked bones, sinews, and other fragments; and when asked what he intended to do with them, he replied, they were to furnish him and his *guru* with a dinner in the evening, and that he took his usual meals, whether he ate a sheep in the morning or not.

* The *Asclepias gigantea* of botanists. It is used by the natives of India for many medicinal purposes: among the number, it is useful in removing warts and other excrescences. It is the milky juice they apply, which flows plentifully from all parts of the plant when broken or bruised; and on the present occasion, the Sheep-Eater said he ate it to assist digestion.

The author of the *Sketches of India*, speaking of this strange being, says, "A squalid emaciated appearance was the characteristic of this cannibal, and with his diseased appetite, we may naturally infer, that the quantity of food proved an obstacle to its nourishing him."

AN admirable instance of presence of mind was shown by a Highland lad, who, with a Lowland farmer, was crossing a mountain-stream, in a glen, at the upper end of which a water-spout had fallen. The Highlander had reached the opposite bank, but the farmer was looking about, and loitering on the stones over which he was stepping, wondering at a sudden noise he heard, when the Highlander cried out, "Help, help, or I am a dead man," and fell to the ground. The farmer sprang to his assistance, and had hardly reached him, when the torrent came down, sweeping over the stones, with a fury which no human force could have withstood. The lad had heard the roaring of the stream behind the rocks, which intercepted its view from the farmer, and fearing that he might be panic-struck if he told him of his danger, took this expedient to save him.—BURT'S *Letters*.

"I RESOLVE," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face; nor of his faults behind his back;" a golden rule! the observation of which, would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.—BISHOP HORNE.

GET upon a hill, if you can find one, in Suffolk or Norfolk; and you may find plenty in Hampshire, and Wiltshire, and Devonshire; look at the steeples, one in every four square miles at the most, on an average. Imagine a man of some learning, at the least, to be living in a commodious house, by the side of one of these steeples; almost always with a wife and family; always with servants, natives of the parish, gardener, groom, and all other servants. A huge farm-yard; barns, stables, thrashers, a carter or two, more or less glebe, and of farming. Imagine this gentleman having an interest in the productiveness of every field in his parish, being probably the largest corn-seller in the parish, and the largest rate-payer; more deeply interested than any other man can possibly be, in the happiness, morals, industry, and sobriety of the people of his parish. Imagine his innumerable occasions of doing acts of kindness, his immense power in preventing the strong from oppressing the weak; his salutary influence coming between the hard farmer, if there be one in his parish, and the feeble or simple-minded labourer. Imagine all this to exist, close alongside of every one of those steeples, and you will at once say to yourself, "Hurricanes or earthquakes must destroy this island, before that church can be overset." And when you add to all this, that this gentleman, besides the example of good manners, of mildness, and of justice, that his life and conversation are constantly keeping before the eyes of his parishioners; when you add to all this, that one day in every week, he has them assembled together to sit in silence, to receive his advice, his admonitions, his interpretations of the will of God, as applicable to their conduct and their affairs, and that too, in an edifice rendered sacred in their eyes, from their knowing that their forefathers assembled there, in ages long passed, and from its being surrounded by the graves of their kindred, when this is added, and when it is also recollected, that the children pass through his hands at their baptism: that it is he who celebrates the marriages, and performs the last and sad service over the graves of the dead: when you think of all this, it is too much, to believe it possible that such a church can fall.—COBBETT.

CONTENTMENT without the world is better than the world without contentment.

THE human animal is the only one which is naked, and the only one which can clothe itself. This is one of the properties which renders him an animal of all climates, and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering, to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in high latitudes, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat, as the species spread towards the equator.—PALEY.

THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

No. VIII. THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

THE Campaign of 1813 was commenced under circumstances of a more promising nature for the British army than any previous one. During the winter, supplies of every kind, together with large reinforcements, were received, and various changes were made in the equipments of the troops, not less important to their efficiency than to their convenience. The infantry had suffered so much in their bivouacs, from exposure to the weather, that tents were now provided, in the proportion of three for each company; and the heavy iron camp-kettles, which had been heretofore transported by beasts of burden, were exchanged for lighter vessels of tin, which were carried by the soldiers themselves. At the same time, the most unremitting exertions were bestowed upon the discipline and organization of the army, with the view of preventing the recurrence of those disorders which had been practised in former campaigns, and which had, more than once, called forth the severe reprehension of the commander-in-chief. Before the month of May these arrangements were completed, and Lord Wellington was ready to take the field, "and, for the first time," as Mr. Southey observes, "with such means as enabled him to act in full confidence of success."

On the other hand, the hopes of the French were greatly diminished. The winter, which had been turned to such profitable account by the British, had been productive of disasters and calamities to Buonaparte such as he had never before experienced, and such as he never afterwards repaired. It was the period of his celebrated retreat from Russia, and the almost entire destruction of the great army, which he had led to the invasion of that country. The enormous losses which he then sustained, compelled him to withdraw troops from Spain, though he still left 140,000 men in that country.

The French still occupied Madrid, but their arrangements were directed to one object, namely, that of adopting the Douro as a line of defence, and intrenching themselves behind its deep and rapid stream. With this view they withdrew their main force beyond that river, and throwing up works at every assailable point on its right bank, trusted confidently to a position so strengthened by nature and art, for interposing an effectual barrier to the advance of the British.

But this arrangement was quickly disconcerted by the operations of Lord Wellington. Instead of advancing, as the French expected, with his whole army to the left bank of the Douro, he moved the main body, under Sir Thomas Graham, across that river in Portugal, and, with only a small force, himself proceeded towards Salamanca by the direct road. The French were completely surprised by this combined movement. On the approach of Sir Thomas Graham, the enemy abandoned the towns of Toro and Zamora; and, early in June, the whole of the allied forces were united on the right bank of the Douro, having thus accomplished the first great object of the campaign.

Being thus driven from the Douro, the French now endeavoured to occupy a position behind the Ebro, till they could collect reinforcements from the north. But Lord Wellington, adopting the same tactics which were before so successful, had already anticipated their design, by sending the left of his army to effect the passage of the Ebro, and by a road which had been heretofore deemed impracticable for carriages. The whole allied force was soon across

the river, and the French withdrew to Vittoria, taking up a position in front of that city on the night of the 19th of June. In this position, which extended about eight miles, they covered the three great roads which radiate on Vittoria, and they also protected the main road to Bayonne, upon which were seen immense convoys moving towards France, "with the best harvest and the last gleanings of their plunder." The town itself was crowded with others waiting their turn to depart.

On the 20th, Lord Wellington halted his army for the purpose of closing up his columns, and proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's position, with the view of attacking them on the following morning, if they should still remain in it. The strength of the two armies was nearly equal, each having from 70,000 to 75,000 men.

On the morning of the 21st, the battle began. The right of the British army, under Sir Rowland Hill, was sent to attack the heights of La Puebla. Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, was directed to turn the right of the French, and to intercept their retreat by the road of Bayonne; and it was the intention of Lord Wellington, to push forward with the centre at once upon the city. The attack was commenced by the Spaniards, under their leader, Murillo, and the French troops, at La Puebla, after a short resistance, were dislodged. The difficulties of the country retarded, for some time, the advance of the other columns to their stations; but at length they crossed the Zadorra at different points, and then the British centre advanced to attack the heights on which that of the French was posted. The enemy, however, abandoned his position in the valley, as soon as he saw the disposition made by Lord Wellington for attacking it, and commenced his retreat towards Vittoria. The British troops continued to advance in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulties presented by the broken ground.

In the mean time, while the right and centre of the British army were thus pushing the enemy back on the city, the left, under Sir Thomas Graham, having made a wide round, was moving upon Vittoria by the high road leading to it from Bilboa. A part of his troops turned the enemy's right, and gained some strong heights covering the village of Gamarra Mayor, which commanded the bridge over the Zadorra at that place. This village was carried by storm at the point of the bayonet, under a heavy fire from the artillery and musketry of the French, who suffered severely, and lost three pieces of cannon. The possession of this and of another village cut off the enemy's retreat by the high road to Bayonne. They still, however, had on the heights on the left of the Zadorra two divisions of infantry in reserve, and it was impossible for Sir Thomas Graham to cross by the bridges, until the troops from the centre and right had driven the enemy from Vittoria. This was effected about six o'clock in the evening, and then passing the river, he took possession of the road to Bayonne, and forced the French to retreat by that leading to Pamplona. The whole of the army now joined in the pursuit; and so complete was the rout of the French, that they were unable to draw off their baggage and artillery. "I have reason to believe," says the Duke of Wellington in his despatch, "that the enemy carried off with them one gun and one howitzer only;" and that solitary gun was captured before it could reach Pamplona. No less than 151 pieces of brass ordnance in travelling-carriages fell into the possession of the British; with 415 caissons, upwards of 14,200 rounds of ammunition, nearly 2,000,000 musket-ball cartridges, and



THE SEVENTH COMPARTMENT OF THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

more than 40,000 pounds of powder. The loss on the part of the allies was about 5000; the French acknowledged a loss of 8000 men.

The description which Mr. Southey gives of the scene after the fight is highly interesting. Joseph Buonaparte, whom his brother, Napoleon, had foisted upon the throne of Spain, by virtue of his unprincipled invasion of that country, and "who now appears for the last time upon the stage of his everlasting infamy, narrowly escaped. The tenth hussars entered Vittoria at the moment that he was escaping out of it in his carriage. Captain Wyndham with one squadron pursued and fired into the carriage, and Joseph had barely time to throw himself on his horse, and gallop off under the protection of an escort of dragoons. The carriage was taken, and in it the most splendid of his trinkets, and the most precious articles of his royal plunder. Marshal Jourdan's staff was among the trophies of the field; it was rather more than a foot long, and covered with blue velvet, on which the imperial eagles were embroidered; and it had been tipped with gold; but the first finder secured the gold for himself. The case was of red morocco, with silver clasps, and with eagles on it, and at either end the marshal's name imprinted in gold letters*. The spoils resembled those of an Oriental rather than of an European army; for the intruder, who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality, had with him all his luxuries. His plunder, his wardrobe, his larder, and his cellar, fell into the conqueror's hands. The French officers followed his example as far as their means allowed, and thus the finest wines and the choicest delicacies were found in profusion.

"The wives of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages, with a flag of truce to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys, were among the prisoners. Seldom has such a scene

of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented; broken-down waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind, barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses and mules, abandoned in the flight. The baggage was presently rifled, and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress-coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins, into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the arm-chest, and loaded themselves with money: 'let them,' said Lord Wellington, when he was informed of it; 'they deserve all they can find, were it ten times more.'

"The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from wagon to wagon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such plunder as had fallen to their share to any one who would purchase it. Even dollars became an article of sale, for they were too heavy to be carried in any great numbers; eight were offered for a guinea, guineas which had been struck for the payment of the troops in Portugal, and made current there by a decree of the Regency, being gold currency. The people of Vittoria had their share in the spoils, and some of them thus indemnified themselves, for what they had suffered in their property by the enemy's exactions."

I HIGHLY approve the end and intent of Pythagoras' injunction; which is to dedicate the first part of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things: and then, by exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornament for their reception and entertainment.—LORD CHATHAM.

* Lord Wellington sent home the trophy to the Prince Regent, by whom he was immediately rewarded with the staff of a Field Marshal of the British army.

PROVERBS. IV.

35. BEWARE of, *Had I wist*; or, *Have a care of, Had I known this before.*

This proverb teaches us to consider well before we act; to look before we leap; lest carelessness in this respect, should either frustrate our object, or occasion surprise and disquiet, at every untoward event. We often exclaim, "Who would have thought it?" when, "I ought to have thought upon this!" would be more appropriate. Lord Bacon says, "Things will have their FIRST or SECOND agitation; if they be not tossed upon the arguments of counsel, they will be tossed upon the waves of fortune, and be full of inconstancy, doing and undoing, like the reeling of a drunken man. It is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands: for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man to go invisible, is secrecy in counsel, and celerity in execution."

36. Best to BEND, while it's a twig.

Here is a word to parents and teachers. As *Habit* is a second nature, how important is it to correct evil dispositions in children, before they become hardened; and under God's blessing, to give a right direction to the branches of thought and feeling, lest these fix themselves crookedly, and in time become too powerful to be subdued. Parental love, therefore, should ever be united with discretion; for "A fond indulgence of children," says Archbishop Tillotson, "is frequently their utter ruin, and in truth, is not love, but hatred." And we have an Italian proverb, *He that coddles his child provides for his enemies.* Elders ought, also, to remember, that youngsters are great copyists; *Little pitchers have great ears*: and

Youth, like the softened wax, with ease will take
Those images which first impressions make.

Aware of this truth, Sir Anthony Cooke, (preceptor to King Edward the Sixth,) used to observe, that there were two objects before whom he could never do any thing wrong: his conscience and his CHILDREN. A glance at his life, and that of his children, who were among the most exemplary characters of their age, will prove that his sentiment was as just as it is memorable.

37. Sell not the BEAR'S skin before you have caught him.

Young and inexperienced persons, are apt, as soon as they have formed a plausible plan, to begin to reckon their profits, and often to spend them too, forgetting that *There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.* This is what we call *Building castles in the air*; to which we may add, not by way of discouragement, but as conveying the same friendly hint to the over-sanguine:—*The corn is yet but in the blade: You are counting your chickens before they are hatched: You are reckoning without your host; and spending your Michaelmas-rent in the Midsummer-noon,* not considering what may arise to mock your present confidence. Some of our young readers will remember the fable of the *Milk-maid and her pail*; and the amusing story of *Alnaschar, the barber's brother*, "who, when full of idle visions of the future, unluckily gave such a kick to his basket and glasses, which were to make his fortune, that they were thrown down in the street and broken into a thousand pieces!"

38. It's an ill BIRD that bewrays its own nest.

And the French and Italians have proverbs to this purport:—*Every BIRD prefers his own nest*; maxims which reflect shame on him, who forgets what he owes, in a social sense, to the interests of others with whom he is connected: whether as the member of a private family; or of a profession or trade; or with reference to his country, as a citizen and a subject. These interests it is a kind of treason to betray, either by word or deed: and, to attempt it, is a bad sign of general character. Happily such instances are comparatively rare, so strong and affecting are the social ties. *Home is home, though ever so homely.* And, if the Latin proverb, quoted by Erasmus, be true, that *Even the smoke of our own chimney shines brighter than the fire of a stranger's*, how attractive must be

"The bonnie bright blink of our ain fire-side!"

To take the proverb in a wider sense, it seems the gift of a kind Providence, to have implanted in the human breast a love of our native land. This disposition, when it does not lead us to despise our neighbours, is to be

praised; and whatever tends to subvert our household feelings as Englishmen, should be instantly discouraged. In unison with these sentiments are the following lines from GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*:

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked savage panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is AT HOME!

39. Let every man praise the BRIDGE he goes over.

That is, says Ray, "Speak not ill of him who hath done you a courtesy, or whom you have made use of to your benefit." This adage, directed against ingratitude, is not unlike the last. Burckhardt, in his collection of Arabic proverbs, gives the following, which derives additional force and beauty from its eastern character. *A well from which thou drinkest, throw not a stone into it.*

40. BIRTH is much, but breeding more.

A maxim of powerful meaning. It bestows due weight and consequence on noble birth; but its object also is to show, that though we may derive rank and titles from our ancestors, yet, if we degenerate from their virtues, we lose all claim to respect: station only makes worthlessness more conspicuous. *Manners makyth man, quoth William of Wykeham*; in illustration of which, we may quote the glowing verses of Juvenal:

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display; yet take this truth from me,
VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY!

41. They that are BOUND must obey.

A good lesson for those who have engaged themselves in any service to a master or superior. It is so plain as to require no further comment.

42. A fool's BOLT is soon shot.

This is said of careless and inconsiderate persons, who, to use a foreign phrase for "speaking without thinking," shoot without taking aim. Open and ingenuous speech is one thing, but random talking is another; and he who says all he has a mind to say, must expect to be told what he has no mind to hear. The following is a quaint Italian sentence:—*Send him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little.*

43. Abstain from BEANS.

This curious caution requires an interpreter. It is said to have originated with Pythagoras, who, as a teacher of the absurd doctrine of the transmigration of souls, forbade his followers the use, not only of all flesh, but of some sorts of vegetables, including beans. But whatever its first intention may have been, the expression is now construed as an admonition not to meddle with elections, white and black beans having been made use of by the voters, among the Athenians, in the choice of magistrates. It is true that the election to places of honour or profit often produces bad blood; and those who can shun such political or social contests, without compromising an obvious duty, are wise in following the advice of the same philosopher:—*when the wind rises, to worship the echo*, that is, in times of tumult and dissension, to retire into solitude, the seat of the echo. Yet this maxim must be qualified with some grains of discretion. There are periods when a decisive and manly course, though it involves the risk of giving offence to some persons, is demanded of upright men, lest the noisy and mischievous should have it all their own way.

44. He that lies long in BED, his estate feels it.

We know of few proverbs more valuable to the young, than those which inculcate the importance of early rising: such as the above, and,

*He who will thrive must rise at five;
He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.*

Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, and wealthy and wise.

He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work.

To impress this maxim on certain of our readers, we will try not to be tedious in telling a story which we once heard in the country as a fact.

A young farmer, who had begun well on a good estate that had descended to him from his ancestors, found, to his vexation, at the end of the first year, that he was poorer than when he started. His stock was less, and his purse not heavier. We do not approve of idle fortune-tellers, but it happened that a Gipsy being in the neighbourhood, our friend told her his sad tale; gave her a crown for advice as to "how he might become better off by the end of the next year," and promised to make the crown a pound, if by that time he should have met with fair success. The bargain having been struck, "Take" said the wise woman, "this little cup, and drink from it every morning of the water which you must get at such and such a spring. But remember! you must draw it yourself regularly at five o'clock, or the charm will be broken." Accordingly, the very first morning after this, as he proceeded across his fields, (for the spring was at the further end of the estate,) he spied a neighbour's cows, which had broken through the fence, and were feeding on his pasture; of course he instantly turned them out, and had the hedge mended. But the labourers were not at hand; they came loitering in after their proper time, and were startled at seeing "Master" so early: "Oh" said he, "I see how this is; it comes of my not getting up in time." In a few mornings all went on as regularly as clock-work: his early rising became a pleasant habit: his walk and cup of water gave him an appetite for his breakfast: the people about his farm were all the better and happier for their leader's punctuality; and when, at the close of the year, he saw and rewarded his nut-brown adviser, it was allowed that her plan, like many an admirable invention, was as simple as it was efficacious.

45. Make the BEST of a bad bargain.

Thus, even disappointments may be turned to good account. We should try to keep our spirits from sinking under misfortunes, and use our best endeavours to lessen or remove the trouble: if this cannot be done, it is our duty to bear it with patience, which will in time make it more tolerable. "How do you know" said some one, "but it was a good thing for me that I broke my leg?" *What can't be cured must be endured*, is the plain language of our English adage: and it is astonishing to see how griefs are lightened by the influence of a resigned, contented, and Christian spirit. When, in any bodily ailment, human skill has done its utmost without a favourable effect, the sufferer may call to mind a cheerful proverb quoted by Ray, *The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman*; as well as the soothing counsel offered by Dr. Bland.

Of all the sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assigned;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know, what man calls fortune is from God.

M.

ALL the ideas that man can form of the ways of Providence, of the employment of angels and spirits, must ever fall short of the reality; but still it is right to think of them. What can have a more exalting influence on the earthly life than in these first days of our existence, to make ourselves conversant with the lives of the blessed, with the happy spirits whose society we shall hereafter enjoy? We should accustom ourselves to consider the spirits of Heaven always around us, observing all our steps, and witnessing our most secret actions. Whoever is become familiar with these ideas, will find the most solitary place peopled with the best society.—KLOPSTOCK.

THE caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger, or feed with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, nearer surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little, but in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality of the better part of man.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

WATCH MAKING.

THE origin of watch-making in Switzerland, as related by Mr. Osterwald, ancient banneret of Neuchâtel, is extremely curious; and the truth of his account was confirmed to me by several artists, both of Locle and La Chaux de Fond.

In 1679, one of the inhabitants brought with him from London, a watch, the first that had been seen in these parts; which, happening to be out of order, he ventured to trust in the hands of one Daniel John Richard, of La Sagne. Richard, after examining the mechanism with great attention, conceived himself capable, and was determined to attempt to make a watch from the model before him; but to this end, he was destitute of every other assistance than the powers of his own native genius. Accordingly, he employed a whole year in inventing, and in finishing the several instruments previously necessary for executing his purpose; and in six months from that period, by the sole force of his own penetrating and persevering talents, he produced a complete watch.

His ambition and industry did not stop here: besides applying himself successfully to the invention of several new instruments for the perfection of his work, he took a journey to Geneva, where he gained considerable information in the art. He continued, for some time, the only man in these parts who could make a watch; but business increasing, he took in and instructed several associates, by whose assistance he was enabled to supply, from his single shop, all the demands of his neighbouring country. Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, he removed to Locle, where he died in 1741, leaving five sons, who all of them followed their father's occupation. From these, the knowledge and practice of the art gradually spread itself, till, at length, it became almost the universal business of the inhabitants, and the principal cause of the populousness of these mountains.

[Cox's Letters from Switzerland.]

NATURE, as well as Christianity, teaches us, that we are not born only for ourselves; and, therefore, as we ought to converse with the best men to acquire virtue and knowledge, so we must sometimes converse with others, that we may impart them: and though we do not find that our conversation does immediately, and visibly reform those we converse with, yet it will not follow, that it is altogether ineffectual on them: for besides that the seeds of virtue and knowledge, as well as those of plants, may long seem to lie dead, even in those soils wherein they will afterwards flourish and fructify, there may be at present a good, though not a conspicuous effect of your discourse and example.—BOYLE.

A CRIPPLE in the way out-travels a footman or a post out of the way.—BEN JONSON.

"BE in reality what you would appear to be."—If you observe, you will find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves, by the practice and experience of them. Take my advice, then, and labour to acquire them.

NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing! How shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form, nor colour, sound nor size are thine,
Nor words, nor figures, can thy void express.

But though we cannot thee to ought compare,
To thee a thousand things may likened be;
And though thou art nobody, and no where,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain!
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!
What labouring hands thy portion only gain!
What busy men thy only doings do!
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And like my sonnet all in Nothing end.—POWSON.

CROYDON PALACE.

OUR engraving of the interior of the Hall, or principal apartment of this ancient and interesting structure, speaks far more forcibly of the desolation which has fallen on its fortunes, than a page of verbal description. Once honoured with the oft-repeated presence of royalty; the resort of the high-born and the far-descended; the scene of olden hospitality; it is now appropriated to the purposes of an outhouse! We could moralize for an hour on such a subject,—but let us turn to its changeful history.

The Manor of Croydon appears to have been attached to the archbishopric of Canterbury at a very early period. The Palace, or Manor-House, was long the occasional abode of the archbishops, particularly during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who seems to have delighted to visit this place. The queen held a council here on the 30th of April, 1567; during which year she twice visited Archbishop Parker, who then held the see, and was eminently distinguished for his virtues and his learning. In July, 1573, the queen and her whole court remained here seven days; passing the time with "jousts" and rejoicings.

After the accession of Archbishop Whitgift to the see, he was frequently honoured with visits from his sovereign, the last of which that we can find recorded was in 1600. When James the First, king of Scotland, was a prisoner in England, he was placed at this Palace, under the custody of Archbishop Arundel. It is singular, however, that although many interesting events must have taken place at Croydon, so little of its history remains to us; especially as almost all the archbishops, since we have any records of the see, have dated some of their public acts here.

In the olden time, one hundred and seventy acres of "emparked ground" were attached to the Palace, and persons of note seem occasionally to have held the office of its keepers, amongst whom was the famous Sir William Walworth, in the reign of Richard the Second. It is probable that the grounds were thrown open and disparked during the disastrous times of the Commonwealth, when the whole of the property was seized by the Parliament. A lease was first granted by these spoliators to the Earl of Burlington, who did not hold it long; as shortly after we find it in the hands of Sir William Brereton: "A notable man," says an old writer, "at a thanksgiving dinner, having terrible long teeth, and a prodigious stomach, to turn the archbishop's palace into a kitchen, and to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel." Archbishop Juxon, therefore, found it in a very dilapidated state at the Restoration; but although a considerable sum was subsequently expended upon it, the Palace seems, after this period, never to have been a favourite residence; and, about the middle of the last century, was wholly abandoned.

In 1780, an Act of Parliament was at last obtained for disposing of the structure, and fourteen acres of land attached to it—but a poor representative of the ancient demesne. The property was then purchased by Sir Abraham Pitches, for 2520*l.*, which was invested in the funds, in aid of the erection of a new palace for the archbishops of Canterbury. The premises were subsequently used for the purposes of a calico-printing establishment and bleaching-ground; and the chapel was converted into a School of Industry.

Croydon Palace has evidently been built at different periods. The precise date of the erection of the present structure has not been handed down; but it appears to have replaced the original palace, a wooden edifice, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The east and west sides of the principal court (which

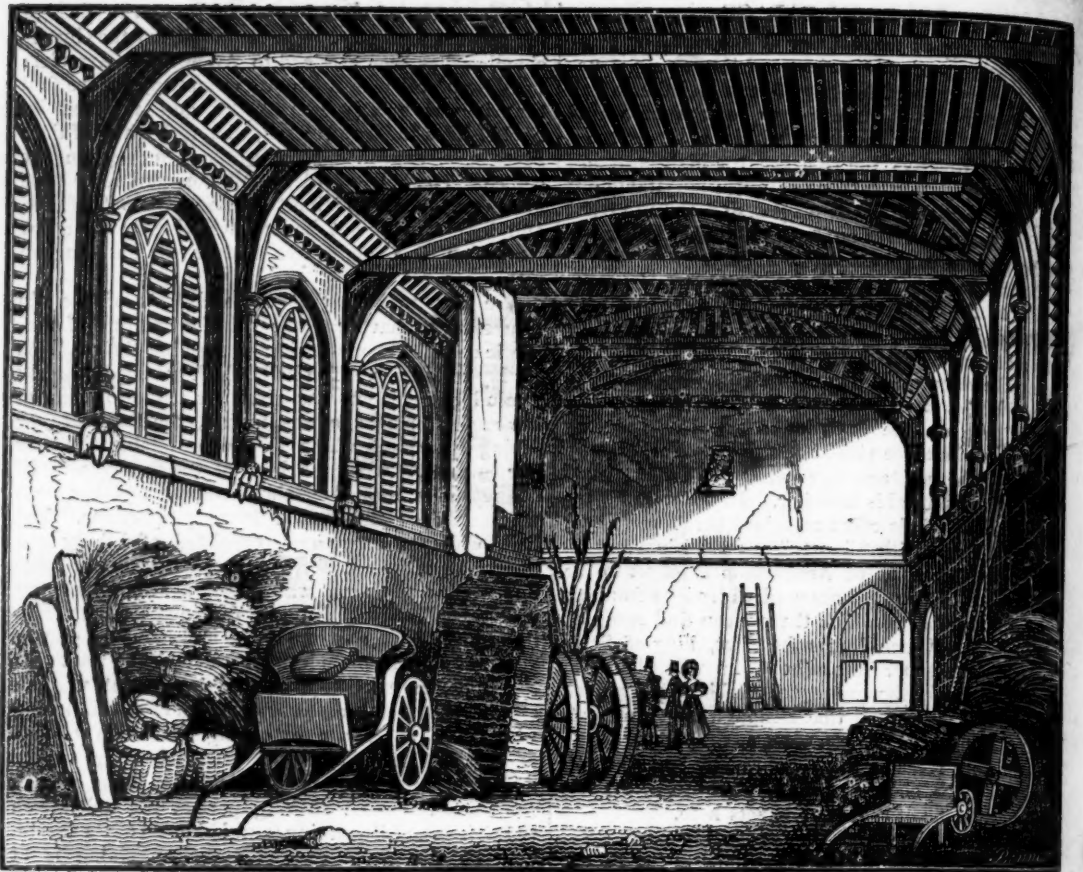
were constructed entirely of brick) seem to possess the greatest antiquity. The foundation of the Guard-chamber has been ascribed to Archbishop Arundel; the date of the chapel is quite unknown, but we find that it was greatly embellished and repaired by Archbishops Laud and Juxon, who, with many of their successors, expended large sums of money on the edifice. The hall, of whose fallen condition we have already spoken, was built by Archbishop Stafford; and here it may not be uninteresting to say a few words on this distinctive feature of old English residences.

We may premise that the architects of the old time seem to have had the principal feature of monastic establishments in view, in forming their designs for lay residences. The hall, which we need scarcely remind our readers, has given its name to many of our ancient mansions, was, in fact, the Refectory, or dining-apartment, which in the hospitable times of our ancestors, when the head of the family, and all his retainers and dependants dined together, was necessarily constructed of large proportions. The hall, with few exceptions, consisted of a lofty and undivided room, in form a parallelogram. At the upper end, the floor was raised a step, which was called the *dais*, or high place, designed for the reception of the master of the house and his chief guests, who sat at a table placed parallel to the wall. At the opposite extremity of the apartment was an elegantly enriched screen or partition of wood, behind which was a passage extending from side to side of the building, and the doors leading to the "kitchener's" department, buttery, &c. The wooden roof was the most striking part of the hall; from the richness of its carving, and boldness of its design. One of the finest examples yet remaining is at Hampton-court Palace, and that at Eltham is highly interesting.

The hearth, instead of being placed at the side, was in the middle of the room; the fagots (for wood was then the universal fuel,) were placed against a sort of fire-iron called the *re-re-dosse*; the smoke escaping through the *louver*, a light open-work turret in the roof, which, as may be seen by the beautiful example at Westminster Hall, generally formed a highly ornamental feature in the exterior of the edifice, to which it gave a distinctive character. The windows were placed at a considerable height from the floor, on one or both sides of the room, of which the hall at Croydon affords an illustration.

Early in the sixteenth century, the alteration of manners gradually led to the withdrawal of the family from the hall, and to the introduction of the dining-parlour or banquetting-room. We may remark, that the halls at our Universities, especially at dinner, furnish an excellent idea of the style, and in a certain degree, of the customs of the times of our ancestors. The following passage from the Aubrey MSS. describes the ancient hall.

"The lords of manours did eate in their great gothicque halls, at the high table or oreile, the folk at the side tables. The meat was served up by watchwords. Jacks are but an invention of the other daye; the poor boys did turn the spits and lick the dripping-pan, and grew to be great lusty knaves. The body of the servants were in the great hall, as now in the guard-chamber, privy-chamber, &c. The hearth was commonly in the midst, as at colleges, whence the saying, 'round about our coal fire.' Here, in the halls, were the mummings, cob-loaf stealing, and great number of old Christmas plays performed. In great houses, were lords of misrule during the twelve dayes after Christmas.



THE HALL OF CROYDON PALACE.

The halls of justices of peace were dreadful to behold. The screenes were garnished with corslets and helmets gaping with open mouth, with coates of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, battle-axes, and the modern callevers, petronells, and (in King Charles's time) muskets and pistols."

The parish of Croydon is one of the most extensive in the kingdom, being thirty-six miles in circumference, and comprising within its limits more than 10,000 acres and eight hamlets. There is nothing very remarkable in the history of Croydon, which is a considerable market-town, pleasantly situated in "sylvan Surrey," about ten miles to the south of London. The most memorable event in its annals, is a battle which took place there during the disputes between Henry the Third and his barons, when the forces of the latter were defeated with great loss.

The ancient church, which is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is worthy of the notice of the lover of hoar antiquity. The structure is distinguished by a lofty square tower, built with stone and flint, and adorned with pinnacles. The nave is separated from the north and south aisles by clustered columns, and pointed arches of elegant proportion, between which are several grotesque ornaments and rude heads. Some remarkable monuments are to be found here. The eastern end of the north aisle is called Heron's Chapel. On either side of the north and west doors are the arms of Archbishops Courtney and Chichele, who are supposed to be the founders of the edifice. In consequence of the increasing population of the parish, a new church, in the early pointed style of architecture, was built in 1827, from a design by Mr. Wallace. This beautiful structure is calculated to accommodate twelve hundred persons; two-thirds of

the seats are free. The sum of 3500*l.* was granted by the commissioners for building churches and chapels, in aid of this most desirable object.

At the latter end of the sixteenth century, an hospital was founded here by Archbishop Whitgift, at a cost of 2700*l.*, and endowed with lands of the annual value of 185*l.*, for the support of a warden, schoolmaster, and forty poor brethren and sisters, if the income proved sufficient to support so large a number. The lands have since greatly improved in value.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.—In times past, men were contented to dwell in houses builded of willow, &c., so that the use of the oak was in a manner wholly dedicated unto churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, navigation, &c.; but now willow &c., are rejected, and nothing but oak any where regarded: and yet see the change: for when our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men: but now our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. In them the courage of the owner was a sufficient defence to keep the house in safety: but now the assurance of the timber must defend the men from robbing. Now have we many chimneys; and yet our tender lines complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses, then had we none but reedosses, and our heads did never ache. For as hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quack or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were acquainted.

—HOLLINGSHEAD.

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